

The Musical World.

"THE WORTH OF ART APPEARS MOST EMINENT IN MUSIC, SINCE IT REQUIRES NO MATERIAL, NO SUBJECT-MATTER, WHOSE EFFECT MUST BE DEDUCTED. IT IS WHOLLY FORM AND POWER, AND IT RAISES AND ENNOLES WHATEVER IT EXPRESSES."—*Goethe*.

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VOL. 36.—No. 17.

SATURDAY, APRIL 24, 1858.

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SIGNORA FUMAGALLI, SIGNOR DI GIORGI,
and MR. CHARLES BRAHAM (Conductor, Signor Vianesi). All applications for the provinces, or the metropolis, to be addressed to Mr. Charles Braham, Manager.

MR. ALBERT SMITH'S MONT BLANC, Naples, Pompeii, and Vesuvius every night (except Saturday) at 8; and Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons at 3. Places can be secured at the Box-office, Egyptian-hall, daily, between 11 and 4, without any extra charge.

REUNION des ARTS, 76, Harley-street.—The members are respectfully informed that the **EIGHTH SEASON** will commence in May, and will embrace some new features, viz., an orchestra and choir, comprehending the best amateur talent, &c. There are vacancies for a few (amateur) stringed and wind instruments. For further particulars apply (personally if possible), to C. Goffrie, 61, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square.

MR. AGUILAR begs to announce that he will give a Matinée Musicale at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday, May 24. Vocalists:—Miss Linds (pupil of Signor Ferrari, her first appearance in public) and Signor Mura. Instrumentalists:—Herr Jansa, M. Clementi, Herr Goffrie, M. Faque, Mr. Howell, and Mr. Aguilar. Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Single tickets, 7s., to be had at all the principal music publishers, and of Mr. Aguilar, 151, Albany-street, Regent's-park, N.W.

HERR OBERTHUR'S MORNING CONCERT will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Saturday, the 8th of May. Artists: Madame Ferrari, Miss Stabbach, Signor Ferrari. Piano, Miss Freeth; Harps, Miss Chatterton, Miss R. Vining, and Miss Freeth (who will perform a Nocturne for three harps); Concertina, Signor Regondi; Violin, Herr Jansa; Violoncello, Herr Lidel. Conductors, Herr W. Ganz and Herr Pirscher. Tickets, 10s. 6d. and 7s. 6d., to be had of the principal music-sellers, and of Herr Oberthur, 14, Cottage-road, Westbourne-terrace North, W.

HERR ADOLPH SCHLOESSER has the honour to announce that his **GRAND EVENING CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Wednesday, 12th May, 1858, to commence at eight o'clock. Vocalists—Madame Clara Novello, Mr. Santley; Pianoforte—Herr Adolph Schloesser. The orchestra will be on the most complete scale, Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Numbered Reserved Stalls, 10s. 6d., to be had at all the Principal Music-sellers, and of Herr Adolph Schloesser, 58, Cambridge-street, Hyde-park, W.

MR. ARTHUR O'LEARY has the honour to announce that he will give a **MATINEE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC** (under distinguished patronage) at the Beethoven Rooms, 76, Harley-street, on Thursday, April 29th, to commence at three o'clock. Vocalist, Miss Whyte; Instrumentalists, Herr Molique, Mr. Cipriani Potter, Mr. W. H. Ayward, Mr. Arthur O'Leary. Stalls, half-a-guinea; family tickets, to admit three, one guinea; unreserved seats, seven shillings each. To be had of Leader and Cock, 63, New Bond-street, and of Mr. Arthur O'Leary, 54, Great Coram-street, Russell-square, W.C.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE—Titiens, Orloniani, Giuglini, Aldighieri, Vialetti, and Belletti.—**LES HUGUENOTS**.—On Thursday next, April 29th, extra night, will be repeated Meyerbeer's grand opera **LES HUGUENOTS**. Valentine, Madile, Titiens; Raoul di Nangis, Sig. Giuglini. And the Ballet Divertissement **CALISTO**; OU, LE RENVOI DE L'AMOUR, by Madiles, Pochini, Annette, Pasquale, Bioletti, and Morlacchi.

A limited number of boxes have been reserved to the public. Price 21s. and 31s. 6d. each; may be had at the Box-office at the Theatre.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SECOND PERFORMANCE OF CLASSICAL PIANOFORTE MUSIC will take place on Wednesday Evening, at Half-past Eight, in Willis's Rooms, King-street, St. James's. Pianoforte, Miss Arabella Goddard; Violin, M. Salton; Viola, Herr Goffrie; Violoncello, Signor Platti.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.—Sonata Duo, in A (pianoforte and violoncello), W. S. Bennett. Prelude and Fugue, in A minor (à la Tarantelle—by desire), J. S. Bach. Sonata, in F ("Ne Plus Ultra"), Woelfl.

PART II.—Grand Sonata, in A flat ("Plus Ultra"), Dussek. Grand Quartet, in B minor, No. 3 (pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello), Mendelssohn.

Reserved Places, 10s. 6d.; Unreserved, 7s. To be had of Miss Arabella Goddard, 47, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square; and of the principal Music-publishers.

MR. CHARLES HALLE begs respectfully to announce that he will resume his Pianoforte Recitals, at his residence, 22, Cheam-place, Belgrave-square, on Thursday, May 13th, to commence at three o'clock. Subscription for the Series of Three Matinées, One guinea. Subscribers' names received at Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street, R. Ollivier's, Old Bond-street, and at Mr. Halle's residence.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The Vocal Association, Conductor, M. Benedict.—On Friday evening next, April 30. Artistes:—Mad. Castellan, Madile, Finoli, Miss Messent, Mr. Tenant, Mr. Allan Irving, and the Vocal Union, who will perform some of the most celebrated English Part-Songs and Glees. The burden of the Chorus will be taken up by The Vocal Association. Duet for Two Pianos by Messrs. Lindsay Sloper and Benedict. Mendelssohn's Ottet for eight instruments. Harmonium, M. Engel. The Chorus will number nearly 400 performers. Tickets, 2s. 6d. and 5s. Balcony Stalls (numbered), 7s. 6d. Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. To be had of all the principal music-sellers.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The subscribers and the public are respectfully informed that the **SECOND CONCERT** will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday next, the 26th of April. Programme:—Sinfonia in A, composed for the Philharmonic Society, Mendelssohn; Concerto, Violin, Herr Joachim, his first appearance this season; Overture, Der Alchymist, Spohr; Sinfonia Pastorale, Beethoven; Solo, Violin (Trillo del Diavolo), Herr Joachim, Tartini. Overture, Fanfara, Cherubini. Vocal performers:—Mad. Castellan and Sig. Belletti. Conductor, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D. To commence at eight. Subscription for the season, £23 2s.; Single Tickets, 15s., to be had of Messrs. Addison, Hollier and Lucas, 210, Regent-street.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mr. Gye has the honour to announce that the

NEW THEATRE WILL OPEN

ON

SATURDAY, MAY 15,

On which occasion will be performed Meyerbeer's Grand Opera,

LES HUGUENOTS.

V.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF
HER MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
AND
THE ROYAL FAMILY.

DR. MARK begs most respectfully to announce that he is open to engagements with his highly approved, interesting, pleasing, and instructive

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT,

ENTITLED

DR. MARK AND HIS LITTLE MEN,
numbering upwards of thirty Instrumentalists, and a most effective Chorus, the

whole forming a most complete and unique

JUVENILE ORCHESTRA,

COMPOSED OF

Little English, Irish, and Scotch boys, from five to sixteen years of age, who play operatic selections, solos, duets, quartets, quadrilles, marches, and polkas; and sing songs, choruses, &c., in a most effective manner, and to whom he gives a gratuitous general and musical education in order to illustrate his highly approved system of musical education, and with whom he travels about the country to excite an interest for and help to establish musical institutions called "Conservatoires of Music" for little children in every town, city, and village of this great empire.

All letters address, please, Free Trade Hall, Manchester, or to the undermentioned places of engagements.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 26, at Kidderminster.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 27, at Stourbridge.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 28, at Worcester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 29, at Tewkesbury.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, April 30, at Cirencester.

Dr. Mark and his Little Men will perform, May 1, at Stroud.

HERR REICHARDT, 23, Alfred-place West, Brompton.

TO BE DISPOSED OF, an excellent Music Trade in one of the Midland Counties. Apply to Mr. C. Jeffreys, Soho-square, London.

JOHN WEIPPERT'S ROYAL QUADRILLE BAND.
Address 21, SOHO-SQUARE.

MADAME LEMMENS SHERRINGTON has returned to town for the season.—All communications to be addressed to 7, Hyde Park-street, Bayswater.

HERR ENGEL has returned to London. For lessons on the Harmonium, &c., address Chappell and Co., 50, New Bond-street; or Herr Engel, 10, Bentinck-street, Manchester-square, W.

MR. WALLWORTH'S tour with the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company will be completed on Saturday next, May 1st, after which date he will be in town for the season. 6, Somerset-street, Portman-square, W.

ORGAN FOR SALE.—Two Rows of Keys—20 Stops. John Smith and Sons, King-square, Bristol. N.B.—One or two smaller in Stock.

SECOND-HAND ORGANS FOR SALE.—Messrs. FORSTER AND ANDREWS, Organ-builders, Hull, have several second-hand Church and Chamber Organs for sale in thorough repair. Price and particulars forwarded on application to Forster and Andrews, Organ-builders, Hull.

THE MISSES McALPINE beg to announce that their CONCERT will take place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, June 14, under distinguished patronage. Tickets to be had of the Misses McAlpine, 26, Alfred-terrace, Queen's-road, Bayswater.

NEW ENTERTAINMENT.—Mr. and Mrs. German Reed (late Miss P. Horton) will give, on Monday next, at Eight, and every evening during the week (except Saturday), a New Series of Illustrations, Saturday Afternoon, at Threes. Admission, 1s., 2s., and 3s.; Stalls secured without extra charge at the Royal Gallery of Illustration, 14, Regent-street, and at Cramer, Beale, and Co.'s, 201, Regent-street.

HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.—These elegant and convenient rooms having been re-decorated and entirely new-lighted with the brilliant sun-lights, are to be let for Concerts, Public and Private Balls, Bazaars, Meetings, &c. No concert-rooms can compete with them for sound, for either vocal or instrumental music, or for public speaking. For terms apply at the Rooms, No. 4, Hanover-square, between the hours of ten and four daily.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIFTH SEASON, 1858-59.—The New Season will commence on SATURDAY, MAY 1st. SEASON TICKETS, available to the 30th April, 1859, are now ready, PRICE ONE GUINEA; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets will admit to the Palace on the following occasions, viz.:—

The Opening Musical and Floricultural Display on 1st May.

The Festival of the National School Choral Society.

The Performances of the Paris Garde Nationale.

The Series of Classical and Miscellaneous Concerts.

The Grand Choral Display by the Handel Festival Chorus, Military Bands, &c.

The Concert of Tonic Sol-fa Association, and of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir.

The Performance by the Bradford Choral Association.

The Three Flower Shows (five days in all).

The Grand Displays of the Great Water-works.

The Poultry and other Shows.

The Lectures.

The Saturday Concerts.

And on all ordinary days.

While thus meeting the public in so liberal a spirit, in the prizes and privileges of the Season Tickets, the directors reserve to themselves the power of withholding the right of admission to these tickets, on any special days, not exceeding six in number, during the year, should they find it for the interests of the Company to do so, for any additional sites or extraordinary attractions beyond those named above.

In the event of this power being exercised, care will be taken to give public notice at least seven days previously.

CRYSTAL PALACE SEASON TICKETS FOR 1858-59. One Guineas; Children under Twelve, Half-a-Guinea. These Tickets are now ready for issue, and may be obtained at the Crystal Palace; at the Offices of the London and Brighton Railway Company, London Bridge, and Regent Circus, Piccadilly; at the Central Ticket Office, Exeter Hall; and of the following Agents to the Company:—Cramer, Beale, and Co., 201, Regent-street; Dando, Todhunter, and Smith, 22, Gresham-street, Bank; Hammond and Nephew, 27, Lombard-street; Keith, Prowse, and Co., 48, Cheapside; Letts, Son, and Co., 8, Royal Exchange; Mead and Powell, Railway Arcade, London Bridge; J. Mitchell, 33, Old Bond-street; W. R. Sims, 1, St. James's-street; W. R. Stephens, 36, Throgmorton-street; Charles Westerton, 20, St. George's-place, Knightsbridge. Remittances for Season Tickets to be by Cheque or Post Office Order, payable to George Grove. Full programmes of the season may now be had of all the agents.

"TOO LATE!"—Miss Louisa Vining's New Song. Price 2s. Boosey and Sons, Holles-street.

THE NUN'S PRAYER.—An Illustrated Edition of this Popular Piece is published this day, price 2s. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

"WHEN MY LOVE SIGHS I HEAR."—New Song. Words and Music by NECTARINE SUNNYSIDE, Esq., Author of "I too, am Seventeen, Mamma." Price 2s. 6d. CRAMER, BEALE and Co., 201, Regent-street.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, edited by J. W. Davison. The Six Books, price One Shilling each. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

MENDELSSOHN'S SONGS WITHOUT WORDS, edited by J. W. Davison. The Six Books, in one volume (cloth) price 6s. with preface by the editor, and portrait. In very superior binding, 7s. 6d. Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 28, Holles-street.

BRINLEY RICHARDS' LATEST PIANOFORTE MUSIC.—Chime again, beautiful bells, 2s.; Nel cor più non mi sento, with variations, 3s.; the Naïd's dream, 2s.; Warblings at eve 2s.; the Echo nocturne, 2s.; Marie, nocturne, op. 60, 3s.; Serenade, op. 64, 2s.; the Farewell, romance, 2s.; the Fairies' dance, 2s.; In absence, romance, 2s.

"HOME, SWEET HOME," transcribed for Piano by W. Vincent Wallace. Performed constantly with immense applause by the highly-gifted pianist Miss Arabella Goddard. 3s.

STYRIENNE, pour Piano. By W. Vincent Wallace. 3s. —"Amongst writers of music for the pianoforte, Mr. Wallace takes a foremost place. The piece before us will add to his reputation in the drawing-rooms of this country, and will be most popular."—Hull Advertiser, April 10, "A learned and elegant composition. As a study for advanced pupils it will be an excellent scientific exercise."—Glasgow Times, April 11.

GEMS FROM THE GREAT MASTERS, both Sacred and Secular. Selected and arranged for the Pianoforte by G. F. West. The first series is now complete of this popular work. By the same Author, Vesper Hymn, 3s.; Cujus Animum, 3s.; Russian Hymn, 3s.; March from Oberon, 3s.; Sound the loud timbrel, 2s. 6d.; the Prayer from Moës in Egitto, 3s.—London: Robert Cocks and Co., New Burlington-street, W.

THE ARION BOOK—JUST PUBLISHED—TO BE CONTINUED MONTHLY. A collection of Part Songs by the most celebrated Composers, translated and edited by F. Fremes Reiley. Book I. contains:—Mendelssohn's Autumn Song, The Happy Wanderer, The Golden Bridge (published for the first time in England), Reichardt's Spanish Canzonet and Image of the Rose, Pogner's Cockchafer, Score and Parts, price 4s.; or in Two Parts, 2s. each; Separate Voice Parts, 1s. 2d. per page. London, G. Schermann and Co., 86, Newgate-street. The subsequent Books of the Arion will be printed by G. Schermann's New Patent Process for Music Printing, at 86, Newgate-street.

SIGNOR GUGLIELMO'S NEW SONGS.

1.—IL MATTINO 2.—LA MIA PIETA.
Price 2s. each.

Boosey and Sons' Musical Library, 24 and 28, Holles-street, Oxford-street.

SECOND EDITION.

**"THE ARROW AND THE SONG,"
BALLAD,**
BY
LONGFELLOW AND BALFE.

I shot an Arrow into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where:
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a Song into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where:
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of a song?

Long, long afterward in an oak
I found the Arrow still unbroke;
And the Song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

BOOSEY AND SONS' MUSICAL LIBRARY, 28, HOLLES-STREET.

MR. JAMES RAE AND THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

[We have been requested to publish the following correspondence.—*Ed. M. W.*]

(COPY.)

16, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square,

March 1st, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I am desired by the directors of the Philharmonic Society to explain to you that, in consequence of certain arrangements which it has become necessary to make regarding the orchestra, they find themselves unable to offer you an engagement for the ensuing season. This they request me to say they deeply regret, as they have a sincere respect and regard for your character as an estimable brother of the profession, and a high sense of your long and able services to the Society. With my best wishes, I am always

Yours most truly,

J. Rae, Esq.

GEO. HOGARTH.

(COPY OF REPLY.)

39, Ernest-street, Regent's-park,

March 6th, 1858.

DEAR SIR,—I have looked in vain in your note for the explanation why the acting directors of the Philharmonic Society for the ensuing season should have sent me so unceremoniously my discharge at the same time as the other professors received their engagements. It is not the mere loss of my engagement in that Society, but the injurious reflection it casts upon my character, position, and capacity for my future endeavours to live by my profession, which is quite enough for me in these days, when those whose position would enable them to do good for the profession were only actuated to lower their means of maintaining themselves in anything like respectability.

Being dismissed without any *explained* cause from a situation I have held for so many years to the satisfaction of every conductor (I believe) who have presided over those concerts, I cannot understand what those *certain* arrangements are to which you allude, that have become necessary to make regarding the orchestra, to which I can be an impediment by renewing my engagement. You must have some one in the situation I have held, and however superior that person might be in talent, I have ever done my duty in the orchestra; he can do no more. If persons in any position in society held their situations no longer than their superiors in requirements might be found, regardless of previous character and conduct, it would be a sad reflection for many.

I trust, Sir, for the reasons I have assigned, I may be favored with some justifiable explanation.

I remain, dear Sir, yours very truly,

G. Hogarth, Esq.

JAMES RAE.

MENDELSSOHN'S UNPUBLISHED M.S.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR.—Sometime about the year 1853, there was a rather sharp controversy took place in the musical community respecting the above. We were told that the M.S. had passed from Mendelssohn's wife to his brother Paul Mendelssohn, the banker, who, not being a musician himself, handed them over to Herr Schleinitz, the worthy composer's successor at the Leipzig Conservatoire, for the purpose of revising and publishing them. This gentleman, however, either not having time, or inclination, or something else, delayed bringing them forth, so the charge intrusted to his care was taken from him and put into the hands of four leading Leipzig professors, viz., Messrs. Moscheles, Hauptmann, Kietz, and David. Such are the facts. Now what I wish to ask is—do you or any of your readers know whether these four gentlemen have done anything towards presenting the precious M.S. to the world, or have they been content with looking them over; and because Mendelssohn has attained sufficient popularity by that which we have, think themselves justified in withholding that which we have not, fearing least, on production, “the world would think less of Mendelssohn's genius.”

If nothing has been done in this case, and the long-wished for M.S. are securely locked up in some strong box belonging to any of the above-named gentlemen, or in the archives of the Gewandhaus, let us beg of that committee in charge again to take up the matter, and not rest content with an idle excuse like the above; or else the only epithet we can apply to their conduct in England will be “*gammon*,” and in Germany “*dummheit*.”

I remain, Sir, yours truly,

TONKÜNSTLER.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALIFORNIA & AUSTRALIA.

BY A MUSICIAN.

(Continued from page 236.)

As we emerged from our hotel down the dingy stone stairs and into the court-yard beneath, where slumbered several broken-down volantes (the cabriolets of Havana), we involuntarily drew a deep breath, and experienced a profound feeling of relief at exchanging the close air of our dormitory for the cool and perfumed land breeze, which at this early hour always blows steadily until eight o'clock, when immediately it changes, and a firm and equal pressure of air commences, and continues without intermission until about noon; and it is quite interesting at times to watch the arrival of vessels at the mouth of the harbour waiting with exemplary patience the breath of old ocean to waft them safely into their land-locked haven.

The streets were empty: not a sound was heard, not a shop displayed its wares in the open air (*sans fenêtre*) as we, myself and my six feet-two American friend, having found a glorious bath-house close to the hotel, started to see one of the lions of Havana, viz.: the fruit market at early morning.

From what reason I know not, my extensive friend had the impression upon his mind that I spoke Spanish; possibly from having heard me attempt a little French on board: indeed so firmly did he seem impressed with my philological acquirements, that had we met with Dominie Sampson himself, and the dear old Dominie had challenged me (like Henry Bertram) to a disquisition in the Bengalee dialect, he would have backed me to any amount, or as he would more euphoniously ejaculate “He'd go his pile upon my slinging the nastiest tongue in Kooba.”

My friend being so perfectly convinced of my powers, I was of course expected soon to put them to the test: for in quitting the bath-house, we had missed our way, and seeing a rather gentlemanlike individual taking down the shutters of a shop that looked as if there had been an explosion of gas there, and all the window frames had been blown out, I advanced and in the true Castilian style made a low bow, and insanely trusting to the possibility of the individual being acquainted with French, the following interesting dialogue took place:

Myself.—“Bon jour, Monsieur!”

The Individual.—“Buenos días, Señor!”

Myself.—“Parlez vous français, Monsieur?”

The Individual.—“Si, Señor.” (The Lord forgive him for lying.)

Myself.—“Voulez vous me faire voir la Marche, ou la Halle, Monsieur?” (You see what a linguist I am.)

The Individual (gravely).—No intende, Señor.

Here was a pickle! The wretch did not know a word of French; and as Lover's well-known tale of “Lend me the loan of a gridiron” came to my mind, I felt how abominably ridiculous I must have looked in the eyes of my extensive henchman: when I suddenly recollect the old story of Jarnovick the fiddle-player finding his way to Marlborough-street by whistling the air of Marlbrook, and so I determined upon the following *coup d'essai*.

Myself.—You know opera, Signor?

Individual (rather impatiently) Opera! Si, Señor, si!

Myself.—Teatro Tacon? (the name of the Grand Opera-house).

Individual.—Si, Signor! Teatro Tacon!

Myself.—Opera Francesca? *Masaniello*?Individual (very savage indeed).—Si, si, si, opera *Masaniello*?

Then here goes, says I; and in that mellifluous voice which would be such a blessing to mothers to frighten naughty children with, I yelped the “Market-chorus” of Auber.

By this time the individual looked as if he had a strong doubt of my sanity. I proceeded almost in despair. He seized the iron bar of his shutters, and stood upon the defensive; my friend from Illinois buttoned his coat, turned up his sleeves, and was, as he afterwards told me in confidence, “prepared for a difficulty,” (“a difficulty” being the general term, out West, for gentlemen trying to butcher each other).

My desire seemed at once to flash upon him, and he really danced with delight, struck his forehead, seemed to upbraid his obtuseness, and uttering about a thousand “Carajos,” shut up

his shop, and led us captives to the market-place, where the beauty of the fruits and vegetables in the pure early morning, and the exquisite perfume, combined with the novelty of their forms, present a scene of loveliness worth travelling over the world to behold. Our new friend was in ecstacies of delight, and kept continually stopping his acquaintances and relating my novel method of acquiring information ; and I don't mind telling anybody now, that we drank a bottle of excellent claret together ; and that before breakfast too, and it didnt hurt us a bit. But oh ! that breakfast, that delicate, exquisite breakfast, so charmingly in tune with the climate ; those little, little mites of fried fish, so numerous in kind that the inhabitants won't take the trouble to name them specially, those sweet plantains and bananas, those French preserves, that glorious claret, that guava jelly, not forgetting "The substantials, Sir Giles, the substantials;" and, to crown all, the coffee and cigars! Where can you, even in Scotland, get such a breakfast ? And it comes just at the right time of day—ten o'clock ; after your matinal coffee and your oranges : always oranges before breakfast—for what says the Spanish proverb of the orange, "Gold in the morning, Silver at noon, and Lead at night." So, breakfast over, we start, all the thirteen, but one, to see the Bishop's garden, in the outskirts of the city. The bishop's garden is about four miles outside the walls, encloses a very large space of ground, and was originally intended as a place for botanical and zoological students, having been planted with every kind of tropical tree and shrub, and possessing a large menagerie of animals kept in nearly as admirable a manner as our own Zoological Gardens : but times changed, the church estates were seized by the general government, convents and monasteries were converted into public offices, and the bishop's garden, which thousands had been lavished to beautify, was left neglected. But oh ! how wildly beautiful in that neglect ; those broken fountains choked with weeds, the lizards basking in their dry basins, the overarching bamboo rattling in the gentle breeze, the semicircular benches covered with moss, the cocoa-nut, palmetto, palm, plantain and banana mingling in rude luxuriance, while the melancholy croak of some sexagenarian parrot, one of the few remaining specimens of the hordes of animals that once made the garden resemble that of Eden before the fall, sounds like a querulous old ecclesiastic muttering his breviary. There sits poor Polly, mournfully scratching his old poll and croaking out "Lorita," as if asking sympathy of him the Spaniard deems almost an enemy.

Our party had wondered much at the unaccountable absence of the Dominie (number thirteen), a kind good-natured creature, and a general favourite, whom we fully expected to meet at the garden, but who was not to be found.

Now the dominie, be it known, was a clergyman, and being fearful that his cloth might possibly be soiled by too close contact with us heathen, he cleverly gave us the slip, and trusting to his knowledge of Spanish, hailed a volante, and desired to be driven to the "Palacio Obispo," thinking, naturally enough, that the garden was attached to the Bishop's Palace ; but such not being the case, and after waiting an hour while the Bishop finished mass, and then his breakfast, he was introduced with much ceremony to the reverend Prelate, and after an odd conversation in all sorts of languages, of which the principal was Latin, discovered the mistake he had made, upon which the kind and polite old gentleman insisted upon his staying to luncheon with him, little dreaming that he was entertaining a heretic priest.

As we were to renew our voyage the next day, and that day being Sunday, we, the thirteen, met in solemn conclave to devise ways and means for promoting our comfort while crossing the much dreaded Isthmus of Darien, for in that time the railroad was not in being, and we had to ascend the Chagres river in canoes or boats, and all sorts of raw-head and bloody-bones stories of the ferocity of "the salvages" (as old Cotton Mather termed the Indians) were in great vogue among the passengers ; so we formed ourselves into sub-committees of three, with a captain (a New Jersey militia major) to direct the whole : the various committees bravely did their duty, and we were well

provided with every kind of French preserved meats, hermetically sealed, sardines, hams, tongues, bolognas, and tins of biscuit ; and as the liquid department was left to the experienced care of your humble servant, the Dominie, and an editor of a newspaper (who now sleeps his last slumber in a grove of cocoa-nut trees in the stranger's burial ground at Acapulco, with the dull roar of the Pacific singing his requiem,) everything connected with our department was in apple-pie order, and ——"No, Mrs. Grundy, we didn't forget the knives and forks, nor did we mix the mustard with the currant jelly, as you seemed to infer just now ; but we did every thing in a workman-like manner, and great was our comfort in consequence thereof."

And so at two o'clock on Sunday afternoon we went on board our crazy old craft again, and bade adieu to this delightful place, with its balmy air, its quaint old houses, its polite inhabitants, (whose graceful manner of returning your cigar after taking a light, with a delicate twist of the wrist, and a slight thrust *en fracconade*, must be seen to be appreciated,) its old churches, its shovel-hatted, Don Basilio like, priests, its lovely women with their mice-like feet ("No ma'am, that is *not* my idea, but Sir John Suckling's, as recollect—

"Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice peeped in and out.")

And talking of feet, we musn't forget that extraordinary fashion the female negro slaves have of appropriating the delicate white or coloured satin slippers of their mistressses, and scuffling along the street with them stuck on their great toes, the principal one of which (the identical one that went to market, my little niece says, at my elbow) just fits the miniature chaussure ; nor must we lose sight of those green and gold-bedizened gentlemen, the volante-drivers, they wear neither boots nor shoes, but in lieu thereof enormous spurs upon their naked heels. So farewell all thy charms and oddities, beautiful Havana ! we have lingered lovingly among thy recollections, and like Niagara, thy beauty but increases as we linger. "Increase of appetite doth grow by what it feeds on." (I believe that is the correct quotation.)

Well, onward through the Caribbean Sea we rolled, leaving Cuba upon our left, passing Cape San Antonio, and Providence Island, formerly one of the many resorts in these seas of the early buccaneers and pirates, and in four days and a half from the time of our last offing we came in sight of Chagres.

Chagres has simply a roadstead, and a very rough one it is too, for we kept bobbing up and down while at anchor, until I thought we should have been pulled to pieces. The land did not look very inviting, there being only what appeared a rising ground, or bluff, and a semi-circular sandy beach, with tall cocoa-nut trees ; and as for the water—ugh ! the very recollection makes me shudder ; it was literally alive with sharks, and the feeling was anything but cozy or comfortable, in getting from the vessel into the whale boats which swarmed around us, to see these obscene fish nuzzling up against the gunwales of the light craft, which kept dancing up and down from one to twenty feet in the pea-green water ; however, at last, at the expense of some barking of shins, our party with our luggage got safely away in various boats, and I had then time to look about me ; and as we neared the entrance of the river the land assumed quite a different appearance than as seen from the lofty sides of the steamer. The Chagres river has its rise in the interior mountains, and in its rapid course towards the ocean (when swollen by the terrific rains that pour without intermission for at least four months of the year), it deposits at its mouth a vast quantity of alluvial soil, which, quickened by the generating heat (which is here within ten degrees of being equatorial), a dense jungle is formed, and the mangrove branches growing beneath the water seem to threaten completely to close the river, which rolls seaward, black and unctuous with its pestilent miasma. Upon the left of the entrance, perched high in air, are the ruins of an old Spanish fort, covered with creeping plants, and defended by some old honeycombed cannon, which had often done good service in old times in defending the caravans of precious metal which were brought from South America to cross the Isthmus and be reshipped at Chagres. The town (so called) was on the opposite side, and on the spit of land upon which the cocoa-nut trees grew. It consisted of numerous

native huts, that looked like dirty beehives, and several wooden-framed houses imported by speculating youths from the Eastern states, who were rapidly amassing fortunes by preying upon the unwary travellers, at the expense of health, both mental and bodily. I speak of the town in the past tense, as undoubtedly by this time it has resolved into its pristine ruin and solitude, the abode of a few fishermen and the ubiquitous turkey-buzzards; for the building of Aspinwall, about twenty miles down the coast, and the Atlantic terminus of the railroad across the Isthmus having been completed, the Chagres river as a medium of travel has ceased to be available, and you now walk ashore from the deck of the steamer into a railroad car, and in from four to six hours walk out of the car into a steamer on the Pacific Ocean, having avoided the difficulties and dangers of the river and land passage, through the engineer's triumph, and over a railroad whose every yard of length has cost a human life.

The principal articles of consumption in this precious town, were very fine brandy and quinine; the latter exquisite bitter being vended at the extremely low price of five dollars per dose. Several of our passengers here began deliberately to sow the seeds of that fearful disease, Chagres fever, which has made so many a home desolate, has strewn the Isthmus, and polluted the waters of the Pacific, with the yellow and putrid bodies of its victims. For God's sake let us get out of this horrible place! We hunted up a padrone, or owner of a boat large enough to take our party and luggage to Gargona, then the head of navigation of the river; and having secured everything to our liking, and at really a reasonable charge, the next thing to be done was to stir up the boatmen; and this was one of the most difficult things to accomplish, for the vagabonds were busy on the opposite side of the river playing *monté*, a Spanish game of cards, the principal peculiarity of which seemed to me to be like those enticing delights they used to have at races, in which "Noble and sporting games, the more you put down, the less you take up." I crossed with the padrone, (a very dark coloured gentleman from Hayti) to arouse our "merry merry men," but as they were in the thick of excitement, it was perfectly useless to attempt to move them; so the padrone and I sat down quietly in the shade, enjoying some noble plantation cigars about a foot long, until the sporting gentlemen had lost all their money, which took place in the smoking of two cigars; when four lithe and active black fellows came out of the hut quite cleaned out, and evidently much in the same frame of mind as our young friend Cornet Fitz-Spooneyville, as he desperately staggers up St. James's Street, after a pleasant evening at *écarté* with his dear friend Jack Swindleford. However the ill-humour of our boatmen soon wore away, and as they found that we were tolerably decent *hombres* and did not haggle at their charge nor abuse them unmercifully, (as too many of the *voyageurs* used to do, thereby engendering the bad blood that too often has resulted in the brutal murder of the innocent,) they cheerfully packed our trunks in the boat, the padrone sat in the stern as coxswain, we cracked a bottle or two of glorious claret (which with my amazing artfulness I had hung an hour before in the sun, wrapped in wet flannel waistcoats to cool the wine by external evaporation,) and giving three hearty cheers of delight at leaving this home of pestilence, the boatmen pulled away lustily chanting (as well as my memory serves me) something very like this—



The words to which cheerful ditty being (as my sable Padron informed me) rather of too facetious a nature to suit a translation, I am reluctantly obliged to omit.

(To be continued.)

JOHN CRAMER.

JEAN BAPTISTE CRAMER, eldest son of William Cramer—the celebrated German violin player—was born at Manheim in 1771. He was a mere boy when he accompanied his father to England. His talents for music displayed themselves at an early age, and were cultivated with care. His father at first taught him the violin, and intended him for the instrument; but the young Jean betokened a decided predilection for the piano. He took every opportunity that presented itself of practising, and exhibited such perseverance, that his father decided to let him follow his own inclinations, and placed him under the instructions of a pianoforte teacher named Bensér. After having taken lessons from this professor for three years, Cramer, in 1782, was transferred to Schroeter, and finally, in the autumn of the following year, became the pupil of Clementi. He had, however, the advantage of that renowned master's counsel for one year only, Clementi having left England in 1784, to travel on the Continent. The following year was employed by Cramer in making himself familiar with the works of the great masters, especially those of Handel and Sebastian Bach. He had hardly attained his thirteenth year when he signalised himself by his remarkable talents as an executant on the pianoforte. He received many engagements to play in public, and astonished his hearers by the purity and brilliancy of his performance. In 1785, he studied the theory of music, under Charles Frederick Abel. Having terminated his studies, he set out on a continental tour at the age of seventeen, performing in public at every town and city on his travels, and everywhere exciting astonishment and admiration. He returned to England in 1791, and commenced teaching the pianoforte. He had already gained some reputation as a composer by the publication of several sonatas. Some years afterwards he again quitted England and repaired to Vienna, when he renewed his acquaintance with Haydn, whom he had known in England. From Vienna he went to Italy. On his return to England he married, and from that time resided in London, making it his fixed residence, excepting when he took short excursions to Paris or the Low Countries. After some years, when his talents and accomplishments became well-known, he was made professor of the pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music.

Among the numerous and various compositions which John Cramer wrote for the pianoforte, his "Studies" have gained the greatest reputation by the interest of the subjects, and their felicitous treatment. They are, indeed, eminently classical. The entire collection of his compositions embraces one hundred and five sonatas for the pianoforte, divided into forty-three "operas;" seven concertos with orchestral accompaniments; three duets for four hands; two duets for piano and harp; grand quintet for piano, violin, tenor, violoncello, and contrabass; quatuor for piano, violin, violoncello, and contra-bass; two nocturnes; two *suites d'études*, and a multitude of detached *morceaux*, rondos, marches, waltzes, *airs variées*, fantasias, and bagatelles.*

Cramer was remarkable for the manner in which he played adagios, and for the variety of his tone. Nothing could surpass the delicacy of his touch. His manner was entirely his own, and resembled that of no other great pianist.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD IN BACH'S MUSIC.—But excellently as she played throughout the evening, in no other piece did Miss Goddard surpass her performance of Bach's two fugues. Brilliance of touch and careful study of the music are joined to a finish of execution and a distinctness of performance so perfect, especially in passages with the left hand, as to justify a conjecture that Miss Goddard does not possess one—but that the fair fingers which produce so wonderful an effect are in truth two right hands. In Bach's music she is unrivalled; no one does or can attempt to surpass her, and to equal her in this walk is a task which scarcely any of our pianists would like to set themselves; and vastly are the lovers of this music indebted to her for the exquisite performances she from time to time gives of the chief pianoforte works of this great composer.

—*Musical Gazette.*

* Since this catalogue (borrowed from M. Féétis) was made, Cramer published many more works.—ED. M. W.

SIGISMUND NEUKOMM.

THIS indefatigable composer and traveller, whose career was destined to be prolonged over so long a period, commenced music at an early age. He was born at Salzburg, on the 10th July, 1778. His musical instinct was developed when he was only in his tenth year. He had Weissner, the organist, as his first master, and was soon able to help him. He studied successively the mechanism of most stringed instruments so well as to acquire a remarkable degree of skill on some of them. At fifteen, he obtained the post of organist at the University, but this did not prevent his continuing his classical studies, under the guidance of his father, professor at the Normal School of Salzburg. Michael Haydn, whose wife was related to Neukomm's mother, gave the subject of this memoir lessons in thorough-bass and harmony; frequently, indeed, he caused his pupil to officiate for him as Court organist. He was destined to procure him, moreover, a far superior advantage, namely, the protection and friendship of his illustrious brother, Joseph Haydn. When, after having completed the usual course of philosophy and mathematics, and filled the place of *co-répétiteur* at the Opera, young Sigismund left Salzburg for Vienna, he was welcomed at the latter place by the great master, who, for seven or eight years, treated him less as a pupil than as a son. Towards the end of 1806, Neukomm left for Russia, taking Sweden in his way. At Stockholm, he was made a member of the Academy of Music; at St. Petersburg, he was entrusted with the direction of the German Opera, and the Philharmonic Society admitted him among its members. He caused several of his own compositions to be executed in this city, as well as at Moscow, but it was in Germany that he first published anything. He had been summoned back thither by the death of his father, and was present at the last moments of Haydn.

Neukomm went to Paris after the peace of 1809, and was induced to remain by his connection with distinguished men of all classes—scholars, artists, and diplomats. The Princess de Vaudémont presented him to Prince Talleyrand; and Dussek, then attached, as pianist, to the Prince's establishment, happening to die, Neukomm succeeded him. In 1814, he followed the Prince to the Congress of Vienna, and a *Requiem* he had composed, in commemoration of the death of Louis XVI., was executed in St. Stephen's Church, by a chorus of 300 persons, in the presence of the Emperors, Kings, and Princes assembled at the Congress. In 1815, the decoration of the Legion of Honour, together with letters of nobility, was conferred on him. In 1816, he accompanied the Duke de Luxembourg, when the latter was sent as ambassador extraordinary to Rio Janeiro. He was appointed *maitre-de-chapelle* to Dom Pedro, and remained in that situation four years. Having returned to Europe in consequence of the Brazilian revolution, he re-assumed his place in the establishment of Prince Talleyrand. But an irresistible impulse led him, shortly afterwards to Italy, Holland, England, and Scotland. In the last named country he was warmly welcomed by Sir Walter Scott. After the revolution of July, he followed Prince Talleyrand in his embassy to London, whence he proceeded to Berlin, and thence back again to London and Paris. After this period his whole time was spent in travelling, and residing, for various periods, in different parts of Europe. The more he advanced in age, the less sedentary did he become. Latterly, however, he resolved on remaining with his family, and died at Paris, on the 3rd April, surrounded by his brother, Antoine Neukomm, his sister-in-law, and his nephew.

Despite his nomadic life, Sigismund Neukomm was an artist of the most regular and methodical habits. Every day he performed with unalterable punctuality the task he had set himself; every day he wrote or improvised at a fixed hour, and his work suffered in no wise from the many acquaintanceships he had the art to keep up. In the *Biographie Universelle des Musiciens*, M. Fétis gives a summary of the thematic catalogue which Neukomm had kept of his works from the time he was five-and-twenty, and which then stopped at the month of August, 1836. This catalogue did not contain less than 524 vocal, and 219 instrumental pieces, making 743 in all. Since then, twenty-two years have elapsed, and Neukomm employed them as he had employed the others: he was no less laborious and no less

fertile. A great number of these compositions have been published in France, Germany, and England, but the larger portion is still in manuscript.

Sigismund Neukomm's obsequies were celebrated on Monday, the 5th April, in the church of Notre Dame de Lorette. A friend of the family, M. Boissière, member of the Philotechnic Society, pronounced the last words of regret and the last adieux over his tomb.

MUSIC AT NAPLES.

(From *La France Muscale*.)

Naples, 27th March.

THIS year, as usual, the works of *Maestro* Verdi have almost alone supplied our first lyrical theatre, and, despite the mediocre and inefficient manner in which they were rendered, have met with a more brilliant reception than any other productions. Signor Verdi was only able to be present at one performance of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes*—he had not the courage to go again. The book was mutilated and changed into *Batilde di Turenna*—the first transformation, *Giovanna di Guzman*, adopted in all the other states of the Peninsula, not having been considered innocent enough by the Neapolitan censorship. The execution was imperfect; the score arranged so as to suit the powers of those charged to interpret it; and the *mise-en-scène* mean. All this was not very attractive for the composer. The opera was, however, considered by every one here to be the spoilt child of the manager. He had loosened his purse-strings, and incurred expense for scenery and costumes more willingly than for any other work.

Since the month of October, when the winter season commenced, the following operas have been played in succession:—*I Lombardi*, *Il Trovatore*, *Violetta*, *La Traviata*, *Batilde di Turenna* (*Les Vêpres*), *Lionello*, *Rigoletto*, *Luisa Miller*, and *I Due Foscari*. The amount received for these works, compared with that received for the *Vestale*, *I Puritani*, and *Linda*, is an eloquent testimony of the preference evinced by the public for Verdi's compositions.

The management of the theatre here, wishing to give the illustrious composer a mark of their gratitude, have brought an action to recover special damages from him. Why? Because he would not write an opera to a fearfully mutilated *libretto*.

Signor Jacovacci (the manager of the theatre at Rome) was here for three days, during which period he was clever enough to come to terms with Signor Verdi about a new opera. The composer signed the engagement, on condition that Fraschini, the tenor, and a contralto should be engaged. Signor Jacovacci engaged Fraschini the same day, and then set out for a contralto. By this time he must have found one. This is a good lesson for our managers. Rome has *chiselled them out* of the composer and their best artist. Long deliberations and longer correspondence were required to engage Signor Verdi at Naples. To engage him for Rome, Signor Jacovacci needed only five minutes and a signature at the bottom of a letter. Luckily, the public protest loudly against such faults on the part of managers.

While on the subject, I cannot pass over in silence the brilliant ovation offered to Verdi, a few days since, by the pupils of the Conservatory of Music. His Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse having expressed a desire to hear some pieces of classical music well executed, the pupils of the college performed, under Mercadante's direction, Beethoven's symphony in E flat, and Mozart's *Zauberflöte*. The audience consisted of our most distinguished musicians and of members of the most fashionable circles. The performance was irreproachable. After the above selection, the overtures to *Stifelio* and the *Vêpres Siciliennes* were played. At the conclusion of the concert, Verdi visited the archives of the Conservatory, the Chevalier Florimo, the keeper of them, doing the honours. The illustrious visitor examined successively the manuscripts of the most celebrated composers, and, among them, those of Scarlatti, Cimarosa, Piccini, Jomelli, Paesiello, etc. On his arrival at the Conservatory he was received by the principal professors of the school. The pupils greeted him with a triple round of cheers. Signor Mercadante went to meet him, and the pupils again cheered the two celebrated composers.

Bottesini, the incomparable contrabassist, will shortly play for

the benefit of the victims of the earthquake. It is impossible to describe the success achieved by him in the saloons where he has already played, that is to say, at his Royal Highness the Prince of Syracuse's and Mercadante's. The *maestro* had invited the chief Neapolitan professors to meet him. All the Monteliveto room, where Bottesini is to give his concert, is let. Luckily, the celebrated artist has promised to play there more than once.

C. H.

MUSIC IN LIVERPOOL.

(From the "Liverpool Daily Post.")

THE third subscription concert of the Philharmonic Society was given on Tuesday night. The vocalists were Madame Castellan, Miss Dolby, and Herr Deck. The solo instrumentalist was Miss Arabella Goddard. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.

Symphony, in C minor	Haydn.
Song—"Per questa bella mano"—Herr Deck	Mozart.	
Aria—"Della rosa" (Bianca)—Madame Castellan	Rossini.	
Madrigal—"Sweet honey-sucking bees"	Wilbye.	
Aria—"Mille volte sul campo"—Miss Dolby	Donizetti.	
Concerto in A flat—Miss Arabella Goddard	Hummel.	
Trio—"L'usato ardir"	Rossini.	
Chorus—"William Tell"	Rossini.	

PART II.

Overture (<i>Midsummer Night's Dream</i>)	Mendelssohn.	
Song—"The green trees"—Miss Dolby	Balfe.	
Fantasia (<i>Masaniello</i>)—Miss Arabella Goddard	Thalberg	
Song—"Arpa gentil"—Madame Castellan	Rossini.	
Four-Part Song—"The deep repose"	Mendelssohn.	
Duet—"Serbami ognor"	Rossini.	
Song—"The Wanderer"—Herr Deck	Schubert.	
Overture—(<i>Le Pré aux Clercs</i>)	Hérold.	

The symphony (No. 5, of Salomon's twelve) was very well played. In the other orchestral works the band appeared to considerable advantage. Madame Castellan's most successful attempt was in the duet, "Serbami ognor," with Miss Dolby, towards the end of the second part. Miss Dolby was in excellent voice. Her reading, so refined and free from affectation, was everywhere admirable. She delighted the audience in Balfe's "Green trees whispered low and mild," and was encored. Herr Deck appeared for the first time. Schubert's "Wanderer" was his best effort, though he sang Mozart's "Per questa bella mano" with much taste. Mr. Thomas played the *obbligato* accompaniment very well on the violin. The chorus gave Wilbye's madrigal, "Sweet honey-sucking bees," very creditably, but appeared to most advantage in Mendelssohn's four-part song.

The great feature, however, of the evening, was undoubtedly Miss Goddard. Her performance of Hummel's beautiful concerto in A flat was something marvellous. She has a purity of style, evenness of touch coupled with great power, and a delicacy, that places her in the very foremost rank of pianists. We never saw a performer so free from affectation. With powers of the highest excellence, she takes her place at the piano with a lady-like ease and dignity every way to be admired. Her *pose* is graceful throughout: there is no labouring, however great the difficulty; and our ears give the only evidence that the music she is playing, so far from being the simplest in construction, is replete with every conceivable manual difficulty. The concerto of Hummel was undoubtedly a rich treat to the educated musician; yet we cannot but admit that Thalberg's *Masaniello*, and "Home, sweet home" (given on the former being encored), were more fitted to the taste of a mixed audience. We should have liked something of Beethoven or Mendelssohn, although the arrangements of both the fantasias are perfect in their style. In the *Masaniello*, the treatment of the "Tarantella" and "Prayer," in combination, was masterly, and the way in which Miss Goddard maintained each melody intact was a triumph of executive skill. We have reason to be proud of having such a countrywoman. We hope it will not be long before we again have to welcome this gifted lady amongst us. Pianoforte playing seems easy indeed while we look at Miss Goddard. We have

only, however, to glance at the music, to see what years of labour must have been spent, aided by a hearty love for her art and natural gifts of no ordinary character, to attain to that facility and excellence which so much delighted us.

On this occasion Mr. Herrmann conducted with that watchfulness and skill which so much conduce to a satisfactory result.

REIGATE.—A concert was given, on Thursday evening, at the Town Hall, by the Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Thurnam, assisted by Miss Hughes and Mr. Cummings. The programme comprised, in the first part, selections from the works of Handel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rossini, Dr. Elvey, and Costa. The second part, devoted to lighter music, comprised glees, duets, and part-songs. The singing of Miss Hughes and Mr. Cummings was excellent, and both were honoured by more than one encore, a compliment which was also paid to the chorus, in a part-song, by Miss Stirling. The success of the Choral Society, when the difficulties are considered, is highly creditable to their conductor. The Town Hall was too crowded for the comfort either of the audience or the performers.

ERITH.—(From a Correspondent).—On Friday, at the Assembly Rooms, Pier Hotel, a concert was given by the Erith Philharmonic Society, to a crowded audience. Mr. Hall conducted the band. The vocalists were Miss Hall Miss Haynes, Mr. G. Dell, and Mr. G. C. Bliss. The programme consisted of some of the most popular music of the day, and was executed in such a manner as to give perfect satisfaction to all present.

LEICESTER.—(From a Correspondent).—The Concerts for the People (under the direction of Mr. Henry Nicholson) have been brought to a most successful termination; the local papers speak in the highest terms of the whole series. "Excellence and variety of entertainment have been particularly marked features."—Mr. Elliot Galer's Opera Company, aided by Mr. Nicholson's excellent little orchestra, are now performing at the Theatre Royal.—Julien announces a concert on Tuesday evening next the 27th, with Miss Louisa Vining, Miss Kate Ranoe, Mr. Reményi (solo violin), &c., &c. No doubt the "grand amateur" of the "great public" will receive a hearty welcome from his Leicester friends.

PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

MR. CHARLES KEAN has achieved in *King Lear* a success that will do more to confirm him in his high position than any he has yet attained. Fine as was his acting in *Cardinal Wolsey* and *Richard II.*, the splendid accessories by which he was surrounded enabled his detractors to sink the merits of the actor in those of the manager, and to declare that, in the case of these pieces, the decorations were the main attractions. *Louis XI.* and *Hamlet* had indeed fully revealed the power of Mr. Charles Kean to rely on his unaided genius; but the former was not a Shakspearean part, and the latter was so much identified with his youth, that it might be cited as an exceptional character. Now his triumph as *Lear*, which combines the elaboration of *Louis* with a display of emotion altogether unprecedented, is purely an actor's success, and that in one of the loftiest of Shakspeare's creations. By the intensity of the curse, by the combat between grief and rage in the second act, by the details of insanity, by the suddenly awakened love for Cordelia, does he cause all who listen to him to thrill with awe, or to melt with sympathy, and the effect would be the same, if the shabby scenery that lined the stage in the old days of the Haymarket occupied the place of the beautiful views of Anglo-Saxon England that now decorate the Princess's. Never was the inspiration of genius, and the conscientiousness of art, more thoroughly brought into harmony with each other, than in this great Shakspearian delineation.

MAINTENANT DONC.

(From "Punch.")

WE'VE got a great artist, a lady named Titiens,
Whose praises we'd sing, but her name will not rhyme.
Stuff! Horace reminds you, with "*Tantalus sitiens*,"
We've Thirsted for music like hers a long time.

ROYAL PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF MR. CHARLES KEAN.

ON Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, KING LEAR, preceded by SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Tuesday and Thursday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, FAUST AND MARGUERITE, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF. Saturday, THE STOCK EXCHANGE; or, The Green Business, A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, and SAMUEL IN SEARCH OF HIMSELF.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.—On Saturday evening next, April 24, the performance will commence with the new comedietta, A DOUBTFUL VICTORY. After which a new farce, entitled TICKLISH TIMES. To conclude with BOOTS AT THE SWAN. Commence at half-past 7.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.—On Saturday evening, April 24th, the performance will commence with the popular drama of THE POOR STROLLERS. After which will be produced a grand oriental spectacular operatic drama, in two acts, with new scenery, dresses, decorations &c., called the CALIPH OF BAGDAD.

ST. JAMES'S THEATRE—PROFESSOR WILJALBA FRIKELL.—Positively the Last Week previous to Professor Frikell's departure for Russia. "TWO HOURS OF ILLUSIONS," as performed, by command, before Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and Court, at Windsor Castle. Every evening, at Eight; Wednesday, and Saturday afternoons, at Three. Stalls, 6s.; Balcony Seats, 4s.; Boxes 9s.; Pit, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Private Boxes and places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

GREAT NATIONAL STANDARD THEATRE, SHOREDITCH.—Proprietor, Mr. JOHN DOUGLASS. Engagement of Mr. Phelps, Mr. H. Marston, Mr. F. Robinson, Miss Atkinson, of Sadler's Wells, and the popular vocalist, Miss Rebecca Isaacs. On Monday, VIRGINIUS. On Tuesday, WINTER'S TALE. On Wednesday, ITALIAN WIFE. On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, a Play, in which Mr. Phelps will perform. After-pieces, THE PET OF THE PUBLIC and THE KISS AND THE ROSE, in which Miss Rebecca Isaacs will sustain her original characters. To conclude with THE SEVEN CASTLES OF THE PASSIONS. No advance in the prices.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 24TH, 1858.

JOHN CRAMER died on the evening of Friday the 16th instant, and was interred, at Brompton Cemetery, on the morning of Thursday last. He had reached the advanced age of eighty-eight, and till within a year or two of his decease was in all the vigour of health and the fullest enjoyment of his faculties.

Cramer was a celebrity both of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In early youth he had attained the highest rank as a pianist, and his fame spread everywhere. In the course of his long career he was esteemed a worthy rival and associate of Clementi, Woelfl, Steibelt, John Field, Dussek, Hummel, Ferdinand Ries, Moscheles, and other eminent "virtuosi," who made the age in which they lived, and wrote and played, an age as famous for pianists as the Byronic age for poets. From Clementi's counsels, and the study and practice of Clementi's works, Cramer derived that faultless mechanism for which he was distinguished. His peculiar style of playing (especially in the performance of *adagios*) may, however, be traced to Dussek, who was his model in composition. Certainly a greater genius than Clementi, Dussek, nevertheless, was not to be compared with the renowned Italian as a musician of acquirement; and it was easier to imitate Dussek's strongly defined *manner* than Clementi's marvellous ingenuity. Although one of the most prolific composers that ever lived, Cramer was by no means learned. The number of his published works is prodigious, and still more remarkable the fact that they are now almost all forgotten. The reason of this is evident. Not one of them bears the stamp of genius. Cramer had *no* genius; he possessed that extraordinary faculty which is so often mis-

* To say nothing of the giant, Beethoven, who stood aloof from and surpassed them all.

taken for genius at first sight, but which is as remote from it as mere oratorical fluency from the godlike gift of poesy. Those who have access to his works can verify by reference the truth of our assertion. They were made for the hour. His concertos and sonatas—in short, his important compositions without exception—examined from the point at which musical taste has now arrived, are like ancient dresses and decorations, that may have shone and sparkled in their day, but are now worn and faded, and if handled at all roughly will fall to pieces. A concerto of Cramer can no more bear looking at in the present time than a quartet of his historically illustrious patron, Prince Ferdinand of Prussia, whose death, by the way, inspired the genial Dussek with an effusion of such deep feeling, and glowingly imaginative beauty, as could never at any time have proceeded from Cramer.*

Cramer passed the greater part of his life in England, but his fame, both as a pianist and composer for the piano-forte, was European. He was acquainted with almost all the contemporary celebrities. The date of his birth is interesting, from the fact that Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were all living—Haydn in the prime of life, Mozart, a very young man, already in the vigour of production, Beethoven, the future giant, in his cradle. Cramer knew Haydn intimately, and frequently profited by his advice. It may, therefore, be said of him that he was nursed in the lap of music. How it was that in such a nursery the boy grew up to be little better than a first-class *virtuoso*, it is not for us to say. Suffice it, Cramer was a meteor, dazzling in its course, but, once departed, lost in utter darkness—

"Drunk up by thirsty nothing."

But let us be just. One work of Cramer's is, in all probability, destined to immortal honours. His *Studio per il Piano* (familiarly known as *Cramer's Studies*) is the most valuable bequest in its way that was ever made to the world of pianists. Professors and amateurs have alike profited by the study of this admirable guide, and will continue to profit by it so long as the piano-forte holds its place among musical instruments. In the face of similar works from some of the greatest of composers, it continues to maintain its rank, and has every chance of going down to posterity with the *Clavier bien Tempéré* of John Sebastian Bach, and the *Gradus ad Parnassum* of Clementi, with which, although of course it can bear no comparison in a certain elevated sense, it has an evident affinity. Just as the fugues of Clementi, Bach, and Handel form the mind, the exercises of Cramer train the fingers of the student. But this is not all the praise to which the *Studio* is entitled. It consists of beautiful and finely written music from end to end; and upon this one production must rest the future fame of Jean Baptiste Cramer.

MANY a chequered year has elapsed since an esteemed friend of ours sent to this journal the following pithy proposition:—

"All men are brethren—Cains and Abels."

We have read a great deal, and we have forgotten a great deal, since the above smart sentence was published in the *Musical World*, and we have heard much smarter things emanate from the mouth of the writer. But somehow or other it has always held a resting-place in some corner of our memories, whence, on the slightest provocation, it has been ready to start forth. Provocatives not always slight

* *Elegy on the Death of Prince Ferdinand*, op. 61.

have been frequent, and the wisdom of Charles Lamb Kenney has proved lamentably correct.

The maxim or aphorism (alas! may we not even say the "axiom"?) rose upon our minds the other evening as we sat in St. James's Hall, illuminated, like devout Islamites, by the small chandeliers that, in mosque-like fashion, dangled from the roof. The hall was bright and beautiful,—statues of Cupids or male Muses, such as might have sprung from the hand of Phidias or of Madame Tussaud, smiled down upon us, and dissipated our Moslem fancies. We pondered, also, on the names of the musical immortals painted on the panels that adorn the upper part of the room, and some of these we worshipped with a full knowledge of their deserts; others we revered in the spirit of faith; for with the nature of their claim to the unfading laurel we were but imperfectly acquainted. And we said, truly immortality is, in some respects, like death. For whereas death puts the high and the low into one common earth, so doth immortality write the names of the renowned and the obscure on one common tablet, and that tablet is at St. James's Hall.

Thus we looked around, and we reflected, and we sentimentalised, till suddenly we asked ourselves, why, of all the organs of sense that connected us with the external world, our eyes were alone employed? There was an orchestra, and there were vocalists, and there was a band immediately before us—and we think that, somewhere in the background, we discerned a chorus; but, nevertheless, the appeals made to our ears had not interrupted the operations of our eyes.

How was this? Here was new matter for reflection. Why did that orchestra stand before us as a silent sphinx, with a riddle not issuing from its lips, but written on its forehead? At last the truth flashed upon us, bright as those gas-constellations that were shining from a heaven of the bluest plaster. The hall, although called a Music Hall, was made to be looked at, not to be a temple of sound. Therefore was a portion of the edifice fashioned like the alcove of a French bedroom, that the muses of melody and harmony might slumber therein, and not disturb the devotions offered by the faithful to the genius of architecture. Truly, the *Musical World* is not fit to appreciate the merits of the St. James's Music Hall—the only journal to which it is addressed in the *Builder*.

St. James's Music Hall! Thus is there a place in London called the "Cider Cellars," at which cider is the only drink not consumed. Thus was shaving the last purpose contemplated by the manufacturer of Peter Pindar's razors. What's in a name? I' faith, a great deal. The musical properties of St. James's Hall lie in its name, and nowhere else.

Nevertheless, the company to whom the property belongs intended to have a music hall in reality. Nay, the finest music hall in England. Let them hasten towards the fulfilment of this wish, and in spite of architectural remonstrances. That alcove will not do;—it would make a capital safe for the preservation of title-deeds, and in the summer season it might be used for the purposes to which the Black Hole at Calcutta was once devoted; but it is bad for the transmission of sound. As the Elizabethan Benedict told us that the world must be peopled, so doth the Victorian Benedict tell us that a music hall should be filled with music. Owen Glendower could call spirits out of the vasty deep. Owen Jones reverses the operation, and thrusts the spirits of Mozart and Mendelssohn into an abyss, from which no enchanter can free them. Othello's taste for music was such, that the clown said to the musicians, "If you have any music that may not be heard, t'ot again; but, as they say,

to hear music, the General doth not greatly care." Doubtless if Othello had wished to be present at the execution of a great classical work, he would have stationed the musicians in the orchestra of St. James's Hall.

But what has all this to do with the maxim, wherewith we commenced our lucubrations, and why did the imperfect acoustics of St. James's Hall recall it to our minds?

Why, we thought that as all men are brethren, namely, Cains and Abels, so the arts were sisters, namely, members of the Cinderella family. Music is the poor slighted Cinderella, who sings in an obscure corner, while the other arts are the haughty sisters, who go about flaunting in their fine clothes amid the admiration of the world.

THE directors of the Crystal Palace have issued their prospectus—a document of portentous significance, replete with a variety of promises.

The season opens on the First of May, with a grand musical, floricultural, and artistical display. A series of monster concerts follows, and the public is called upon to be joyful for great choral demonstrations of National School Children, combinations of choirs, on a large scale, from remote provinces, gigantic entertainments by the children of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association, Titanic performances of the Handel Metropolitan Festival Chorus, with all the means and appliances of the Sacred Harmonic Society, first-class concerts, vocal and instrumental, under the direction of Mr. Manns, others by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir and the celebrated band of the Garde Nationale of Paris, three Grand Horticultural and Floricultural Fêtes, two Shows of Poultry, two of Pigeons and two of Rabbits.

But this is not all. Courses of popular lectures on the various departments are in contemplation, and a Penny Guide, in a popular style, is in embryo.

Soberly speaking, what good do the directors expect from Monster Concerts, and, above all, Monster Concerts, with children as the sole executants? What end is contemplated by sending to Yorkshire for a chorus, which might be found in Middlesex?—or engaging a band from Paris when as good may be obtained at Chatham? The directors acknowledge their inefficiency in every line of the prospectus. They have no band—or they would not have to send to Paris. Instead of a choir of their own, which should have existed from the first establishment of concerts at the Crystal Palace, they are compelled to borrow singers from the northern provinces, or to lay embargos on Mr. Leslie's Choir, the National School Children, and the Tonic Sol-Fa. Why do not the directors pursue the same course with regard to music as with the other fine arts? Music alone is not properly represented, and has no separate department. Painting and sculpture are considered of paramount importance, both from a scientific and artistic point of view; while music, the loveliest of the sisters, is treated with indifference and neglect—like Cinderella in the fairy tale. And yet it is to the musical attractions that the directors especially look when the treasury needs replenishing, and which never fails them at a pinch. To no other of the fine arts could they, by any ingenuity of management, hope for such a success as that which attended the Handel Commemoration. The Crystal Palace should have a numerous and efficient band, a complete body of choristers, and first-class solo singers. These should belong exclusively to the Palace, and be heard nowhere else. The attraction would be quadrupled, and the Crystal Palace Concerts become as much the fashion

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as the best standard entertainments in the metropolis. By this means, too, a vast saving, in the end, would be effected, and no recourse need be had to "National Schools" and "Juvenile Associations."

But not to their own band, chorus, and principals, should the directors confine themselves. We see no reason why they should not establish other amusements, hitherto uncontemplated at the Crystal Palace—dancing, for instance. What could be more appropriate than to have a ballet in the very temple of statues and flowers? A good band, good dancers, and a green curtain, is all that is wanted. The Palace would supply its own scenery, and real flowers would offer a pleasing variety. If we might be allowed to suggest, we would recommend the ballet to take place in the central transept during dinner-time, and a table might be laid for five thousand people, all of whom, by a simple arrangement, could witness the performance.

Above all, we would implore the directors not to take Exeter Hall to Sydenham, nor make the special entertainment provided in the Strand for subscribers to the Sacred Harmonic Society a recreation for the multitude in the Crystal Palace. None can accuse us of underrating the importance attached to the performances of sacred oratorios, and the immense influence they exercise in the progress and appreciation of the best music. But everything has its time and place. People go to Exeter Hall to hear the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, the *Requiem*, or the *Stabat Mater*, and for no other purpose. They are subject to no interruptions and no distractions when the performance has commenced; nor, were they ever so inclined to be inattentive, is there anything to interfere with their reverence and respect. Nay, when the idle and the volatile—as will sometimes happen from many causes—are induced unwittingly to step within the precincts of the temple in the Strand, they are compelled, by the absence of external attraction, to listen and affect gravity; or, better, they become insensibly interested, and depart confirmed admirers of Handel. All this is very different at the Crystal Palace. People go there to be amused, to be recreated, to be refreshed, to experience as great a number of sensations as possible in the shortest space of time—to make a holiday, in short. To these the performance of an oratorio would be no temptation, but the contrary. Of course there should be attractions for all classes. Many, no doubt, would be invited to Sydenham by the performance of the *Messiah*, *Elijah*, or, *The Creation*, whom nothing else would induce to pay a visit to the Crystal Palace. But the great mass flock to Sydenham, leaving thought and occupation behind them, to enjoy the fresh air, see the beautiful sights and hear the beautiful sounds—to walk among the shrubberies, inhale the breath of flowers, and behold the crystal fountains; or, as Areteus hath it:—

"Visere sepe amnes nitidos, peramaenque Tempe,
Et placidas summis sectari in montibus auras."

Except, indeed, on occasions of high festivals—anniversaries, and special commemorations, when the mind is worked up to the proper tone of feeling—the proper attention cannot be paid to large and serious works at Sydenham. Everything around is antagonistic. The eye is bewildered with enchantments; the odour of the flowers intoxicates the sense of smell; the mind insensibly wanders outside to the grassy lawns and marble terraces, and wonders what can possibly detain anyone within doors, when art and nature are so prodigal of excitement without.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

THE Huguenots was given for the third time on Saturday, and Madlle. Titiens justified all that has been said about her acting and singing. There can now be little doubt that the new *prima donna* is destined to occupy the highest position on the lyric stage. As an actress, notwithstanding her magnificent voice and the largeness of her style, we even think more of her than as a singer. To passion and natural earnestness, she adds unmerring judgment. The great scene with Raoul is worthy of any actress, and leaves an ineffaceable impression.

Madlle. Piccolomini made her first appearance on Tuesday as Norina in *Don Pasquale*, when the reception awarded her showed that her light had not been extinguished in the effulgence of the new "star." Madlle. Piccolomini was applauded, recalled, and presented with "bouquets" as usual at the fall of the curtain. She was forced to appear no less than four times.

Signor Rossi would succeed better in *Don Pasquale* if he had any voice and any humour. Signor Belletti sings the music of Dr. Malatesta admirably, but wants *humour* almost as much as Signor Rossi. The part of Ernesto was sustained by Signor Belart, the new tenor, who achieved so decided a success last season. Signor Belart sang the music of Ernesto like a true artist, and was encored in "Com'e gentil."

The new *ballet-divertissement*, *Calisto*, followed, in which Madlle. Pochini, now the most favoured daughter of Terpsichore, added largely to her list of admirers.

On Thursday, the *Huguenots* and the new *ballet-divertissement* was repeated.

The *Huguenots*, with Madlle. Titiens as the heroine, and Giuglini as Raoul, continues to run, and is announced for Tuesday and Thursday. The *Trovatore*, the next opera in which Madlle. Titiens will appear, is fixed for Tuesday, May 4th, with Mad. Albini as the gipsy, and Sig. Giuglini as the Troubadour. Verdi's *Luisa Miller*, with Madlle. Piccolomini, is also in rehearsal; and on Saturday a new ballet (*Fleur des Champs*) will be produced for Madlle. Pochini.

MADLLE. VICTOIRE BALFE has arrived from Paris. She was engaged to sing at the last Dublin Philharmonic Concert.

MADAME GASSIER has arrived in London.

HERR JOSEPH JOACHIM arrived on Thursday, and will attend the rehearsal for the second Philharmonic concert to-day.

M. JULLIEN.—The provincial tour which this most renowned of caterers for the public entertainment is now making, is, we are glad to learn, one of the most lucrative he has ever undertaken. The weather has been propitious, and the success uniformly triumphant.

THE VOCAL ASSOCIATION of 300 voices will give a grand performance at St. James's Hall, Regent-street and Piccadilly, on Friday evening, April 30. The programme will be of a most interesting character. Messrs. Benedict and Sloper will perform a duet on two pianofortes, and other instrumental works of importance will be introduced.

MR. JOSEPH ROBINS, who may be remembered as the admirable and unctuous clown of the Amateur Pantomimes, has announced a benefit to take place at the Lyceum, on Saturday, May the 8th, assisted by first-rate talent. We shall allude further to the subject in our next.

LEEDS TOWN HALL ORGAN.—The contract for building the case of the Town Hall organ, designed by Mr. Brodrick (architect), has been let to Messrs. Thorpe and Atkinson, of this town. Last week an inspection was made of that portion of the organ already completed at Messrs. Gray and Davison's factory, in London. There were present, Professor Sterndale Bennett, Aldermen Kitson, George, Botterill, and Gill; Mr. Brodrick, Mr. Henry Smart and Mr. Spark, the designers of the instrument, and the contractors. Arrangements were made as to the disposing of the hydraulic apparatus in the Town Hall, for supplying wind to the organ, and also on matters connected with the case. Great satisfaction was expressed with the progress of the gigantic instrument, and there is no doubt that it will be fully completed in time for the Musical Festival. The contractors will take possession of the Town Hall orchestra at the close of next month.—*Leeds Mercury*.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD'S SOIRES.

(From "The Leader.")

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD, in her early and already brilliant career, presents a noble and encouraging example of the true beauty and dignity of Art, earnestly and devotedly pursued for its own sake. Richly gifted by nature, with uncommon faculties and graces above measure, unspoiled by the exuberant eulogies of admirers, undisturbed by the jealousies that accompany the rising of a reputation like the mists around the morning star, this young lady has, in her vernal years, reached the very summit of a profession crowded with celebrities; and, at the present moment, she may be said to take rank with easy pre-eminence, among the first pianists in Europe. The series of *soirées* lately given at her private residence, attracted a select aristocracy of lovers of classical music; but she has wisely enlarged the area (as they say in Parliament) of her audience, and the upper saloon at Willis's Rooms was thronged, on Wednesday evening last, with a brilliant assemblage of rapt, attentive, and critical listeners, amongst whom almost every *virtuoso* in London, and a host of notabilities in the various ranks of art and literature, sat silent and entranced. Surely such a gathering as this was a noble tribute of admiration and respect to the young lady who, to all her other rare qualifications, unites the rarer charm of an unpretending simplicity of manner not often perceived in the professional celebrities of the Continent. As a pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard is a perfect prodigy of deep and various learning; all forms of composition, the severely classical, the conventionally brilliant, are equally within her power; in all alike the mechanical difficulties are conquered with the same force and flexibility of hand; in all alike the touch is round, rich, and soft, the expression stamped with strength and grace, the reading bright with intelligence. Such is the correctness, and such the mechanical dexterity, that we are almost tempted to accuse a faultless accuracy of want of feeling. These *soirées* are the cream of the musical season. The next will be on the 28th instant.

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.

HANDEL'S *Samson*, performed on Wednesday evening by Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School, despite of some shortcomings, was, on the whole, a very creditable performance—far more satisfactory indeed than the recent performance of *Israel in Egypt*. The want of the additional accompaniments was sensibly felt, although the band, by extreme care, did all in their power to supply the deficiency. The "cuts" were not so numerous as those made by Mr. Costa, and the consequence was that the performance was too long.

The principal singers were Miss Banks, Miss Fanny Rowland, Miss Palmer, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. W. Evans, Mr. Santley, and Mr. Thomas. The singing was not all first-rate. Miss Palmer spoils a nice talent by exaggeration of style and forcing the lower notes. Mr. Sims Reeves sang as grandly as ever, and created an immense effect in "Why does the God of Israel sleep?"—one of his very finest efforts—and in the duet, "Go, coward, go," with Mr. Thomas. The last-named gentleman was loudly and universally applauded in the air, "Honour and arms." The Hall was crowded in every part.

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—Before you receive an account from your own Correspondent, perhaps you would like to learn that Madlle. Victoire Balfe achieved a remarkable success at the Philharmonic Concert here, on Wednesday evening. She was encored in everything she sung, and the plaudits after each performance were deafening. The Lord-Lieutenant and a large number of the Dublin aristocracy were present.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

Norwood, April 20.

THE last four Saturday concerts have been of average interest. I have attended them all, but observing your columns filled with reports of metropolitan performances of greater importance, I did not think it worth while to send you a separate account of each, week by week. The programme on March 27th was as follows:—

Overture, "Faniska"—Cherubini. Scena, "Through the forest," Mr. Miranda—Weber. Fantasia, violin, "Le Stregghée," M. Reményi—Paganini. Aria, "Tacea la notte," Miss Louise Vinning—Verdi. Symphony No. 2, in D—Beethoven. Ballad, "Good bye sweetheart," Mr. Miranda—Hatton. Violin solo, "Carnaval de Venise," Mr. Reményi—Paganini, Ernst, and Reményi. Ballad, "Too late," Miss Louise Vinning—Pratten. March from Athalie—Mendelssohn.

Cherubini's fine and vigorous overture, so well known to the Philharmonic subscribers, and Mendelssohn's glorious march, began and ended this concert worthily. But even better played than either of these, were the *andante* and last movement of the second symphony of Beethoven, which formed a splendid *pièce de résistance* in the middle. Of the violin playing of Mr. Reményi, I do not pretend to judge. Suffice it that he created a great impression, especially in the *Carnaval de Venise*. This was encored, but Mr. Reményi came back without his Straduarus, and bowed his acknowledgments. The vocal music was not striking on this occasion. Mr. Miranda was not admired, either in the ballad or the *scena*—the last, by the way, altogether beyond his reach. Miss Louise Vinning sings "Tacea la notte" too often. She pleased most in Mr. Pratten's ballad, "Too late," which was redemanded and repeated.

On April 3rd, we had the selection subjoined:—

Overture, "Coriolan"—Beethoven. Aria, "Non più andrai," Mr. Thomas—Mozart. Concerto Dramatique, Violin, M. Reményi—Spohr. Aria, "Batti batti," Madame Castellan—Mozart. Symphony in D—Haydn. Song, "The tribute of a tear," Mr. Thomas—Loder. Aria, "Ah, non credes," Madame Castellan—Bellini. Violin Solo, "Carnaval de Venise," M. Reményi. Overture, "The Siege of Rochester"—Balfe.

Mr. Manns and his doughty little orchestra distinguished themselves honorably on this occasion. The sublime overture of Beethoven was excellently played, while the capital symphony of Haydn (for the first time at these concerts), equally well given, had also the good fortune to obtain a very attentive hearing. As for Mr. Balfe's overture, the band knows it by heart, and "interprets" it to perfection. The grand *scena dramatica* of Spohr is not suited to the peculiar style of Mr. Reményi, who again created a *furore* in the *Carnaval de Venise*, with variations by Paganini, Ernst, and himself, some of which, the "encore" being persisted in, he was obliged to repeat. Madame Castellan pleased very much in both her songs, and in the first had the advantage of an effective execution of the *violoncello obbligato*, by Herr Daubert, a member of the band. Bellini's aria (and the majority of the audience) "narrowly escaped an encore," as the phrase goes. Mr. Thomas sang "Non più andrai" famously, and was much applauded. Mr. Loder's quiet and pleasing ballad hardly suited the audience so well.

At the next concert (April 10) the programme was also interesting, as may be seen below:

Overture, "Die Vestalin"—Spontini. Cavatina (Donna Carita), Madlle. Ventaldi—Mercadante. Fantasia, piano forte (on a German melody), Herr Theodore Mauss—Mauss. Recitative and aria, "Dove Sono," Madame Castellan—Mozart. Symphony, No. 6 (Pastoral)—Beethoven. Rataplan, Madlle. Ventaldi—Malibran. Solo, flute ("Blue bells of Scotland,") Mr. Svendsen—Artz. Aria, "O luce di quest' anima," Madame Castellan—Donizetti. Gipsy March, "Preciosa"—Weber.

Spontini's overture (for the first time at the Crystal Palace) is *all but* a fine work. It deserves to be heard oftener, nevertheless (like his *Fernand Cortez* and *Nourmahal*, a wonderfully clever parody of Rossini's *Semiramide*), and if played as well as by the orchestra under Herr Mann's direction, can never fail to please, like on the present occasion. The gorgeous *Pastoral*

Symphony is just the work to make a mixed crowd in love with orchestral music. The execution of this great piece was marked by good luck from end to end. Not only was the "ensemble" admirable, but the various *obbligato* passages for flute, oboe, clarionet, bassoon, and horn, were every one of them happily "hit off." Not one of the audience made a move towards the door, (as is generally the case with some twenty or thirty "rustics" at these concerts, when the *Symphony* is about to begin), and not one left his place till the end. The audience listened as attentively as the band played, and the result was a triumph for "the grand Beethoven," (*Punch*). Weber's delicious march, although it came at the fag-end, was unanimously liked. Mr. Svendsen's flute solo was remarkably effective as a display of execution; but the music of (Herr?—Monsieur?—Signor?—Mr.? Artz, cannot be profusely eulogised. The poor flautist has not a rich collection of masterpieces at disposal, it is true; but that does not make Artz's music a bit more welcome. The pianoforte solo was mediocre, both in respect to composition and performance. Madame Castellan was singing her very best, and obtained a loud encore in the *cavatina* from *Linda di Chamouni*. Madlle. Ventaldi, too, was encored (against the wish of the majority) in the "Rataplan" of *Malibran*. This lady has a good *contralto* voice, but her intonation is unsatisfactory.

The programme on April 17th had some good points, but on the whole was inferior to its immediate predecessors:—

Overture (Demetrius)—Cusins. Scene, "Non Temer," Madame Borchardt—Mozart. Introduction and Rondo, pianoforte, "Le Retour à Londres," Mr. W. G. Cusins—Hummel. Scene, "Ah, si, ben mio," Mr. George Perren—Verdi. Symphony in C (Jupiter)—Mozart. Air, "Ah quelle nuit," Madame Borchardt—Auber. Pianoforte solo, Fantasie Etude, "Perles d'Ecum," Mr. W. G. Cusins—Kullak. Ballad, "In this old chair," Mr. George Perren—Balfe. Overture (Ruy Blas)—Mendelssohn.

The mighty *Jupiter* was the feature of the concert, and I was glad to hear it so well played, and to find it so warmly appreciated by the audience. The performance of Mendelssohn's brilliant overture was, however, still better. The *Demetrius* of Mr. Cusins is not a very remarkable work; but, in revenge, he gave Hummel's graceful (and difficult) rondo with the utmost spirit, and the worn-out *Perles d'Ecum* (not "*Ecum*") of Herr Kullak so well as to obtain and merit an "encore." Madame Borchardt sang Auber's air charmingly, and would have been more successful in Mozart's "Non temer" had she committed the pianoforte accompaniment to some other hands than her own. Mr. Cusins was at call, and would readily have undertaken it. The violin "obligato" part was carefully given by Mr. Watson. Mr. Perren sang Verdi's *aria* with effect, and was encored in Mr. Balfe's ballad.

And so enough of the Saturday Concerts for the present. Great preparations are making for the Friday Concerts, which are to supersede those of the Royal Italian Opera "*troupe*," and which it is hoped will be less expensive and more profitable to the Crystal Palace Company.

EXETER HALL.

A CHORAL meeting of the Tonic Sol-Fa Association was held at Exeter Hall on Thursday evening, the 15th instant. The choir numbered 800 voices, and the selection comprised the most popular madrigals, glees, and part-songs, together with the chorale, "O God of Strength," harmonised by Bach, and the "Amen" chorus from the *Messiah*. The singing, in general, was excellent, the effect from such a body of young, fresh, and vigorous voices—in the pieces most familiar—being very remarkable. Of course there were encores, and attempts at encores, but the able conductors—there were three—very properly set their *bâtons* against them, and only a few were complied with.

A brief and very interesting lecture was delivered between the parts by Mr. Curwen, the energetic founder and promoter of the Association, in which he claimed indulgence for his choir on the score of their being pupils, and expatiated generally on the utility of the Tonic Sol-Fa method of instruction.

NEW PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.

DR. WYLDE has at length confessed what the public suspected long ago, viz., that the New Philharmonic Society and Dr. Wyldes are one and the same thing. In the address prefixed to the programme of his first concert this season (the 7th), he accepts the entire responsibility, and declares that henceforth the performances will be conducted under his unaided management.* The Doctor's right to call his concerts "New Philharmonic Concerts" has been questioned, but with no more justice than if we were to arraign a well-known weekly paper, published on Saturday, for calling itself "Sunday Times." Dr. Wyldes' concerts are just as *philharmonic* as their elders and *devanciers*, and therefore are appropriately named. Besides, have we not "Philharmonics" in all parts of Great Britain? The more of them the better.

Dr. Wyldes has prudently selected St. James's Hall for his concerts; prudently, because that beautiful building can accommodate a multitude of people *comfortably*—and because he is there enabled to ask reasonable prices, and be sure of a profit in the bargain. He will give further proofs of wisdom by urging the representatives of the company to set to work without delay, and contrive such alterations in that part of the building devoted to the orchestra, which at present, in the unanimous opinion of competent judges, is wholly inadequate. A music-hall, the acoustic properties of which are not favorable to music, may just as well be dedicated exclusively to flower-shows and fancy-fairs.

The first concert took place on Monday night, and the brilliant audience assembled spoke well for the subscription list. The hall never looked more animated, dazzling, and cheerful. It is certainly a jewel of a hall. But oh! those acoustics! Just as Professor Porson, coming home drunk, cursed "the nature of things," so might the lover of music, visiting St. James's Hall with a hope of hearing a fine orchestra to advantage, rail at "the nature of acoustics." The chairs and tables that Porson overturned, when he could not succeed in lighting his candle, were not more inconvenient to the inebriate pundit than that provoking recess and the reverberations that inhabit it to the baffled amateur.

But to leave grumbling—the programme was capital, and the band first-rate (as may be seen by a glance at the list of members—all good, from Willy ("leader") to Middleditch ("cassa"). The selection was as follows:—

PART I.

Overture (Egmont)	Beethoven.
Duet (Mount of Olives), Mad. Borchardt and Mr. Tennant	Beethoven.
Concerto in E flat, pianoforte and orchestra, Miss Arabella Goddard	Beethoven.
Aria, "Ah qual furor" (Fidelio), Mad. Castellan	Beethoven.
Symphony in C minor	Beethoven.

PART II.

Overture (Freischütz)	Weber.
Aria (Bianca e Faliero), Mad. Castellan	Rossini.
Aria (Domino Noir), Mad. Borchardt	Auber.
Aria, "O luce di quest' anima," Mad. Castellan	Donizetti.
Overture (Masaniello)	Auber.

Conductor—Dr. Wyld.

The first part—the Beethoven part—was of course the best. Dr. Wyld adheres to his principle of only giving one symphony; and he may be right, though we confess we could willingly have dispensed with the vocal music (which produced no effect) for another. The magnificent *Egmont* and the familiar "C minor"

* "The performances will take place in future under the title of *The New Philharmonic Concerts*. They will be under the sole direction of the original promoter, who has never ceased to do all in his power to carry out the promises made to the public at the commencement. The performances will be in reality a series of subscription concerts, at which music of the highest class, interpreted by the highest available talent, will be introduced."

were played with extraordinary vigour and "entrain," and (a "slip" or two excepted, in the symphony, upon which we need not expiate,) with point, decision, and general correctness in the bargain. Perhaps the *andante* was a shade too slow; but an experienced musician like Dr. Wylde, has an undoubted right to an interpretation of his own, however that may differ from the "aristarchi" of the press—those "anonymous critics" who are expelled from the "—l —n," as the Peri was expelled from Paradise.

With regard to the pianoforte concerto, the *Morning Post* has written so eloquently, and so much to the purpose, that our readers will not chide us for allowing the remarks of our contemporary to stand in place of any observations of our own:—

"Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in E flat is the greatest of concertos—a wonderful expression, in tone, of feelings and sentiments of the loftiest, most beautiful and imaginative kind, the interpretation of which none but a performer of the highest genius should attempt. If music be an imitative art, like all the rest, what marvellous sounds and images must have been moving about in Beethoven's mind when he composed this extraordinary musical poem! What supernatural voices must have been singing to him of God-like love, passion, heroism, or despair! What noble and lovely forms, moving with unearthly power, swiftness, and beauty, must have been passing before his mental vision! Otherwise where could he have found all those strange accents, speaking to the soul plainly almost as verbal language, yet how much more beautifully?—and where that wondrous variety of rhythm, in which may be traced the most grand and lovely movements of the human form divine, the faithful delineation but of one of which would suffice to make a sculptor famous for ever? No! Beethoven did not take his long solitary walks in the country, at all times and seasons for nothing."

"How it is that the electric current of the soul flows down to the fingers' ends, and makes them speak the language of feeling and passion, quite as plainly and much more touchingly than mere words could do, we must leave to the learned in natural philosophy to explain. But certain are we that no singer, aided even by words, could possibly touch the heart or excite the passions more effectually than can a really great instrumentalist, or than did our celebrated English pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, in her truly poetical rendering of Beethoven's greatest concerto on the present occasion. In following so fine a performance throughout, we should necessarily exceed our limits, otherwise numerous 'points' might be cited, in which Miss Arabella's genius shone with surpassing lustre, and which, taken collectively, would present a mass of merits, such as rarely, if ever, are found assembled in the executancy of one pianist. Of course the slow movement was most admired (slow movements nearly always are); and its rendering was certainly one of the most exquisitely-beautiful pieces of cantabile playing we ever listened to; but the rest of the work was quite as finely given, and deserved at least equal applause. At the termination of the concerto, Miss Arabella Goddard was enthusiastically recalled into the orchestra."

The above may seem high praise, but it is nothing more than is due to the prodigious grandeur of the work, and its wonderful performance by our gifted young countrywoman.

Dr. Wylde, on appearing in the orchestra, was welcomed most cordially. At the end of the first part we were compelled to leave. At the second concert, Mozart will have the honours; and at the third and fourth, respectively, Mendelssohn and Weber; so that the system introduced by M. Jullien would appear to be gaining ground.

HACKNEY.—Mr. Charles Salaman delivered his new and popular concert-lecture, "Handel and his Contemporaries," on Wednesday evening last, at the Manor House Assembly Rooms, Hackney, before a numerous gathering of the members of the Literary and Scientific Institution. He was assisted in his illustrations by Miss Rothschild and Mr. Theodore Distin. The selections from the Italian operas of Handel and his famous contemporaries, Leonardo Leo, Galuppi, Pergolesi, and Bononcini, were received with great applause. Mr. Salaman performed on the pianoforte Handel's overture to *Otho*; his air, with variations, in D minor, from the third "Suites de pièces pour le Clavecin;" and a sonata by Domenico Scarlatti.

AMATEUR MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE fifth concert of the regular season (the Amateurs have, also, their *irregular* season) took place at the Hanover-square Rooms, on Monday evening, and attracted a very crowded and fashionable audience. The programme was as follows:—

PART I.—Overture (*Figaro*)—Mozart. Trio for soprano, contralto, and tenor, "O Memory"—Miss Griffith, Miss E. Griffith and Mr. A. Coleridge—Henry Leslie. Symphony, Letter R—Haydn. Glee, "By Celia's arbour," "Come, let us join the roundelay"—Messrs. Heming, Coleridge, Bushby, and Pownall—Horsley and Beale. Overture (*Euryanthe*)—Weber.

PART II.—Rondo Brillante, in B minor—Miss Freeth—Mendelssohn. Quintet, "Di scrivermi" (*Cosi fan tutti*)—Miss Griffith, Miss E. Griffith, Mr. A. Coleridge, Mr. A. Bushby, and Mr. Pownall—Mozart. Glee, "L'apo è la serpe"—R. Spofforth. March (*Camp of Silesia*)—Meyerbeer.

Conductor, Mr. Henry Leslie.

The orchestral pieces were all very well played. Those deserving particular notice were the first *allegro* in the Symphony; Mr. Graham Browne's admirable flute playing in the *Andante*, which gained, and most deservedly, a round of applause; and Mr. Alfred Pollock's oboe solo in the Trio.

Miss Freeth highly distinguished herself in the beautiful *Rondo Brillante* of Mendelssohn, as did the band in the accompaniment—at least in the *amateur* department, for there were several "slips" among the professionals, which was anything but creditable in a piece so well-known.

There was more vocal music than usual, and it was all "concerted." Mr. Leslie's Trio was excellently sung by the Misses Griffith and Mr. Coleridge, and the charming Quintet, "Cosi fan tutti," was loudly *encored*.

The Glees—admirable specimens of their respective authors—were given in a style hardly to be excelled. Beale's, "Come, let us join the roundelay," was asked for twice, and, accordingly, repeated, the Amateurs not having yet made up their mind to adopt the suggestions of *Mr. Punch*.*

A vigorous execution of Meyerbeer's March brought the performances to an end, about half-past ten.

The next concert will be given on May 3rd.

THE THÉÂTRE-LYRIQUE, PARIS.

"PRECIOSA,"

A COMIC OPERA, IN ONE ACT. WORDS BY MM. NUITTER AND BEAUMONT. MUSIC BY WEBER.

(Translated from the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.)

"*PRECIOSA*" is, properly speaking, a "melo-drama," which does not signify the same in Germany as it does among ourselves. A melodrama, in Germany, is a work in which the story occupies the greater space, having here and there a little corner for the music. There is an overture, some music between the acts, a few choruses, a march, a little dance music, and, if necessary, a ballad and a few stanzas, connected with the action, but never standing in the way of it. Sometimes the music is added subsequently to the poem. Goethe only made *Count Egmont* a tragedy; Beethoven transformed the tragedy into a melodrama, and the tragedy has lost nothing by the change.

Melodrama, after the German fashion, has been tried several times in Paris, but it is difficult to find persons to play it, on account of the strictness with which the various lines of business are marked out. We should need a good orchestra, a well-trained chorus, and a company of actors sufficiently complete to depend on their own resources. There is not such a thing in any theatre of the capital.

To return to *Preiosa*. It is in Germany, a three-act drama, with incidental music (*Drame mêlé de musique*), as people used to say. But this incidental music is the work of a composer of genius, and the little there is of it has been sufficient to give the piece an immense value. Weber wrote two gipsy choruses, a romance, a brigand's song, a march, some ballet airs, and an overture, which is a summary of all the rest. Some years ago the Société de Sainte-Cécile executed this little score twice at least. I do not know why the Société des Concerts du Conserv-

* More shame for them.—*Mr. Punch*, and the Ed. M. W.

vatoire allowed the other society to be first in the field any more than I know why, since the symphonists of the former association have been dispersed, it has taken no trouble to enter on the inheritance left by its rival. M. Carvalho has taken possession of it, because no one else came forward to claim it, and it is certainly right. As Weber's score is at most only sufficient for one act, M. Carvalho has had three acts of the German piece compressed into one. The plot of the French piece is very simple. Preciosa, the daughter of the great Cosroës, is, after him, the *cheffe* (chief-tainess, as a certain author once said) of a horde of *gitanos*, whom the Captain-General of Andalusia pursues hotly in the Sierra Nevada. This terrible captain-general has a son, a young man of romantic disposition, who has met Preciosa in Seville, and fallen in love with her. Preciosa, by her singing, attracts him into the mountains, like the *Siren* at the Opéra-Comique. The gypsies seize him, and send to inform the captain-general that, unless he ceases to pursue them, they will kill his son. The captain-general, however, snaps his fingers at their threat, telling them the young man is a foundling, whom he has brought up out of charity, and who, according to all appearances, belongs to the accursed race he has sworn to exterminate. Such being the case, says Preciosa, I can love him without betraying my nation. I do love him, and I will marry him. Moreover, since we are surrounded, I will, to save every one, employ the last resource. Raise that flagstone! The flagstone being raised, shows the opening of a shaft, which is the beginning of a long subterranean passage leading to the Alhambra of Grenada. All the gypsies go down; the orifice is closed after them, and the captain-general is *done*.

This story needs no observations; the authors have not taxed their imagination much. There is a clever scene, however, between the brigands and their young prisoner, who, instead of trembling, laughs at them, and *chaffs* the most terrible one of them all. The whole interest lies, however, in the music, so highly coloured, and so full of imagination and fancy, which Weber wrote for the original work.

The music, by the way, is very well given by Mad. Borghèse-Dufour, M. Frémont, and another artist of the name of Sérene, who plays the ferocious brigand. The orchestra did wonders, and so did the chorus, although it might be reproached with being, now and then, too forcible.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

THE TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL REPORT of the Directors of the MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY, together with the CASH ACCOUNT and BALANCE SHEET for the year 1857, showing the state of the Society's affairs on the 31st of December last, as presented to the General Meeting on the 17th of February, 1858, also Prospects, Forms of Proposal, and a list of the Bonuses paid on the Claims of the past year, will be delivered on a written or personal application to the Actuary, or to any of the Society's Agents in Great Britain.

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GREEK PIRATES' CHORUS
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